Perigee Supermoon

[This was inspired by and written as a comment to a poem of fellow Deviant PRailgun. After reading, I sat on the couch I have existed on or near for a year or more, silent as usual and staring at nothing in particular. Recently I was sent searching through the apartment complex for a roommate's package that had been photographed delivered not at our third floor door, but rather far from it, near one of the laundry room facilities it turned out. On this tour of the grounds I noticed a mattress discarded rudely adjacent to a cluster of dumpster bins in a corner of the expansive surrounding parking lot. Upon investigation, it proved to be solid foam, open cell, comprised of three layers and two different compositions of material formula. The couch I sleep on was abandoned by one of our downstairs neighbors and was destined to be removed by the maintenance staff, who mentioned this as we passed on the stairway. Now my perpetual perch is walled off from view by sound absorptive layers of yellowish foam that would conceivably have cost many hundreds of dollars had a similar amount been purchased for specific that use. The desktop computer I had been borrowing to work with was abruptly returned to its original owner recently, leaving me to rely on my $50 Wallyworld phone while I gather the needed parts to resurrect the fifteen-year-old laptop I used to record five albums. Normally this introduction would have been included in the notes section, but the DA app doesn't support this function.

I'm not sure if what spilled out onto PRailgun's comment section is appropriate or expected, but at least it is an honest reaction inspired by their work. There are only two persons on my phone's contact list, both mentioned here on DA many times, Laura and Amber. Their voices appear on a number of recorded compositions I've published and have been through their actions and input directly responsible for some of the most well-received posts here. I included this while emailing a lot of files to Amber, and, perhaps because of this, am presenting this here as well. As always, thank you for reading. I have been plagued by another torrent of nightmares that have kept my mental state more - disjointed? antisocial? dissassociative? - than per usual, which has resulted in less progress towards my goals than I was expecting. An effective answer to this has not yet presented itself. This is offered as an explanation for a pronounced rambling I've noticed that an effort has been

made to at least render to a more readable state, with questionable degrees of success.]

I once looked up at the moon, abnormally close to Earth and huge, the light reflected off its deeply pocked surface pelting my skin with a force that could have been measured. Standing in my driveway, once my parents' decades ago, after giving a Tarantino-approved monologue performance for almost an hour with the edification of my neighbor and the rest of my four street rural neighborhood in mind. It was the last time I would ever stand inside or on the property of the home immediately next to mine, inherited from their parents as mine had been.

Thirty-seven years previous I had first walked in through that front door. Repaired and replaced sections of plumbing three times since. Removed all the square footage of linoleum and carpet and installed laminate woodgrain plank by plank. Moved furniture and other belongings into and out of a two-story barn structure twice. Built a metal shed from a kit. Stained the eight foot wooden perimeter fence. Fathered a child with the third girl next door, who left us both in favor of heroin after ten and a half years. The next nine boyfriends after me are all dead, as is the one before me, who hung himself from a tree in front of his house, which was riddled with bullet holes inside after he had been arrested for attempted murder and released on bond. I remember thinking he had been quite serious in his efforts to kill her - she is 4'10" and most of the rounds from the clip landed approximately as high as the kitchen countertop, looking just like they do in those Tarantino flicks, trailing all the way to the frame of the front entrance.

Two other girls next door told me two differing stories about the location of their mother Gloria's guitar, which she had called the entire family's attention together one Christmas to announce her intention that I was to receive her instrument after she died, which we all knew was impending. I recall loading my first acoustic, a blue paint splattered Kay, into the original hardshell case when Gloria and her mother Joan decided to hide it, as they predicted that otherwise it would be sold at a pawnshop by the second oldest daughter, who had reported to me that she burned it in the backyard. It is the oldest girl next door whose picture you saw earlier - the missing woman

in Michigan, which coincidentally is where Kay instruments were built. If it indeed was still in the hardshell Alvarez case after she gifted it sight-unseen to her grandson Aiden, then it lived a proper life in its time - traveling at very least from the country's northern border to its southern and back. He would have been around nine or ten then. It wouldn't surprise me if his mother Brittany, who I briefly worked with at a Party City and still has conversations across the States with some of my former co-workers of three years, had also tried to unload it, being paid for the case only much to her chagrin. I have decided to write what people call 'songs', with 'verses' and 'choruses' and repeating sections, featuring my guitar playing prominently on these next two albums for the first time since I began playing at 12. I have invested $205 total (so far) into my electric scratch-built project. The bridge I'm cutting and scraping into shape from aluminum and Corian may be abandoned in favor of a more adjustable electric-style one. I am purposely spending the least amount of money possible as part of the aesthetic of this years-long project in an effort to underline the disgraceful amount of waste produced unnecessarily by humankind. 'Look What You Threw Away.' Gloria's early '80 Alvarez would certainly give a different direction from my current philosophy of songwriting.

Pamela had fed me two kinds of pills in hamburgers that night. One in a gelcap form, the casing emptied but still stuffed in the center of each, surrounded by a number of tiny white tablets that reminded me of nitroglycerin from those MRE Tabasco serving sized glass bottles. I had pulled most of those out of the second one and dropped them on the living room floor while preaching my gospel. I would hear weeks later that all three of her dogs were dead, including the giant pitbull mix. Being covered in the juices from ground beef, they must have been irresistible.

I had addressed the moon as the Goddess you spoke of directly, appearing as it did closer and larger than it ever had previous, and made an offering to Eris - a separate transaction. My sign-off salutation?

'What the fuck!?'

An appropriate phrase, I think, to choose from a list of possible last words, whether one expects to be quoted or not.